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Republican

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WHOLE NO. 2338.

laughing blue eyes in her change-
face.
My solemn Janet! What has come
of you of late? Where has your sun-
shine, your sparkle, your youth, your
eyes, your color gone? Tell me what
it is, Janet?

"Nothing you would care to know,"
she shifted uneasily; his eyes left her
still face, and wandered seaward.
"You know I am going to-morrow,
Janet?"
"Yes, I know."

"I wanted to speak to you before I
went, Janet; that is why I got up at
unchristian hour, and looked for
here. I don't see the necessity of
your marriage as Uncle Etheridge
wishes to hurry it—we are both
young enough to wait. I should like to
see you in Switzerland and
if you have no objection,"
he said.

"And when I come back to the au-
gust, Janet, you will be my little
rose up straight and looked in
and some face for the first time.
"Oh," she said, steadily, "I will never
let. Here is your ring, Mr. Ether-
idge, and here we part."

He sprang to his feet and stood
looking at her in surprise, in a sort
of error in nothing else.
"Here is your ring—take it. You
will not? Then let the waters take it,
less faithful than you!"
She drew the band of gold, studded
with brilliant, from her finger, and flung
it far into the sea.
"Janet, listen to me, Janet—good
heaven!—are you mad?"

"I would be if I listened to you. Go,
merry Eva Ingestre to-morrow, if you
like! What is it to me?"
She turned and walked steadily
away, leaving him there, a petrified
gazer. Straight up to her own room,
and then sank down by the window, her
arms drooping on the table, her face
lying on them. Not in tears, not in
wonder, only in mute, deadly pain,
weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine,
of all the world.

"False! her tortured heart kept cry-
ing—'false! And I loved him so dearly
—so dearly."
The breakfast bell rang. She rose up
and went down, a little paler, a little
stiller than her wont—nothing more.

Old Mr. Etheridge was there, bright
and lively. Miss Ingestre was there,
chattering like a magpie, her pretty
ringlets freshly perfumed and curled,
her roses at their brightest. Ernest
was there, silent and sulky, but glad,
if the truth must be known, that he was
well out of the scrape.

"She gives me up of her own accord,"
he thought with a sense of injury; "no-
body can blame me. I'll speak to Eva
after breakfast."
But he was forestalled. After break-
fast his uncle carried Eva off, to get her
opinion about some ornamental garden-
ing to be done, and his tender declara-
tion had to wait. Janet attended to her
household duties; and then, with her
work-basket, went and sat down by the
open window, presently her eyelids
closed in dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears, she awoke—
voices that blended with her sleep, and
that confused her. They came from the
garden—the voice of Ernest, tender,
pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and
clear.
"Marry you, Ernest! Good gracious
me! What an idea! And you engaged to
that solemn Janet?"
"She is engaged to me no longer; she
has broken off of her own free will—
because of you."

"And you want me to take what an-
other lady rejects! Flattering, really!
A thousand thanks, Mr. Etheridge; at the
same time—no."
"Eva! Eva! For Heaven's sake, listen
to me! I love you with my whole—"
"Heart! Of course you do! And you
will break it because I refuse? I shall
be shocked and disappointed if you do
not. There! There! Don't coax. I can't
marry you because I am going to marry
your uncle. Now, the truth is out."

Janet rose abruptly and closed the
window, fully awake at last.
"I never thought of that," she said,
on her way to her own room. "I might
have seen; but I never thought of that."
She kept her chamber until dinner-
time, and then went down to preside at
the table with that fixed and stone-like
face. Only her uncle and Eva were
there.
"To think the boy should go off five
hours earlier than he need," Uncle
Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can
you allow such capers?"
Miss Ingestre looked at her, a mali-
cious smile on her rosy lips. Miss
Stuart met the look steadily.
"Mr. Ernest Etheridge's comings and
goings are nothing to me; he is free as
the wind that blows. But when I
to congratulate you, my good uncle?"
Mr. Etheridge stared—laughed—
looked at Eva.
"So you have told her, prissy?"
"I protest that I have done nothing
of the sort," cried the amazed Miss In-
gestre; "but then she is a witch, and
knows everything."
"Precisely. And when is it to come
off?"
"Well, since you have divined it, in
three weeks; and you must be first
bridesmaid, Janet."
"With pleasure, Miss Ingestre."
"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull
during our absence, Janet," her uncle
said. "We're going on a three months'
bridal tour, and—"
"And I am going to New-York. My
dear uncle, don't say a word, I have set
my heart on it. My old nurse lives
there. I will lodge with her; and,
really, life in this stagnant village is
growing insupportable."

she was soon busy in the precarious
venture of writing a book.
Another summer, and it came on and
was a brilliant success. Another and a
second followed; and Janet Stuart woke
up one morning and found herself fa-
mous. Rich, too, or comparatively so,
and able to gratify the desire of her
heart and go abroad to fair, foreign
lands, with an admiring party of literary
friends. Once—ah! how long ago it
seemed now—she had thought to wan-
der through these storied nations as
Ernest's happy wife.

So the world went round, and the
years went by, and ten of those years
had been counted off the great rosary,
when Janet Stuart came back to her
native land. Wealth and fame had
crowned her; but she came back Janet
Stuart still, true to that old dream, a
saddened and lonely woman.

There were changes before her. Her
husband's death, his young wife and all
her wealth had inherited; the fine old
homestead was for sale, and Ernest was
—where? No one knew; he had gone to
Australia, having quarreled with his
new aunt, and consequently with his
old uncle; that was all Janet could
learn.

Janet Stuart went back to the village
of her girlhood, purchaser of the fine
old homestead where her happiest years
had been spent, and settled down among
the familiar sights and sounds to con-
tinue old maidhood. There were
friends there still glad and proud to
welcome her—and she could do good;
and with her "gray goose quill" and her
piano and her pets she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under
the sycamore by the gate, one radiant
eyeing, six months after her coming,
trying up early roses, and singing softly.
When a man came slowly up the dusty
road and looked at the pretty picture.
A man who was bronzed, rugged,
weather-beaten, and but poorly clad,
with his cap pulled far over his eyes
—handsome blue eyes still. He paused
at the gate, weary and pale.

"Janet!"
She turned round, with a shrill, low
cry, dropped the rose vine, and caught
both of his hands her face more radiant
than the sunset sky.
"Ernest! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!"
"And you are really glad to see me,
Janet?"

She opened the gate, her happy eyes
shining luminously, and drew him in.
"Did you know I was here?" she
asked.
"Yes; why else should I have come?
But I did not mean to intrude. I only
wanted to look upon your face once
more before I went away again."

"Went away! Where?"
"Back to Australia. I am poor, and
can do nothing here; there is still an
opening there. And before I go, dear-
est, bravest Janet, tell me that you for-
give me for the past."
His voice broke down; the old love,
stronger than ever, looked at her im-
pudgently, hopelessly out of his eyes.
She stood before him, her hands lightly
on his shoulders, her dear face smiling
up at him so tender, so true.

"You must not go; you must not
leave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive
—I only love you!"
Later, when the moon was at its
highest, and the last lights were dying
out of the homestead windows, Ernest
Etheridge walked up the peaceful moon-
lit road to his hotel. But with, oh!
such an infinitely happy face, and sing-
ing as he went along:
"Say I am old, and gray, and sad;
Say that health and strength have
missed me.
Say I'm poor, but also add—
Jennie kissed me!"
Humming Along
Last summer as a northern man who
was looking up land in Alabama was
riding along the highway he met a father
and son riding at a furious gallop and
both armed with shot guns. They drew
up as they reached him, and the old man
called out:
"Say, stranger, hey ve met a young
man and a girl riding the same mule and
humming along as if Satan was after
them?"
"No."
"Well, my darter has cloped with Bill
Gordon, and Sam and me are trying to
get within shooting distance before the
kit is tied."
"Ah! Why, that couple were being
married in Blankville as I came through
there an hour ago."
"Did the gal hev on a blue waist?"
"Yes."
"And was it a cream mule?"
"Yes."
"And it was a tall fellow with a skeered
look?"
"It was."
"That was them, stranger, and I'm
much obliged. Sam, we're too late to
stop and hev the only satisfaction we
kin git is to let our hosses jog along into
town and shoot the preacher arter we
git thar!"
Gimme that Pen.
One day, in a "cow case," at Wash-
ington, the judge was in a hurry to go
to the races over on the Fair grounds,
and he put on his hat before the lawyer
for the plaintiff got half through and
said:
"There, John, you can dry up now;
I've heard enough about the case, and
I'm going to decide against you."
"But, your Honor," expostulated the
lawyer, you can't decide against me; the
law is all on my side."
"Law! What do I care about law?
This ain't no law office, sir; this is a
justice office. If you want to practice
law, go to a law office."
"But, Judge, you can't decide this
case against us, I say, the law is all
—"
"Can't they?"
"No, it's impossible."
"Who says so?—gimme that pen."

Time as a Preservative.

It would be interesting to record the
many evidences of the value of time in
arresting decay. As long ago as 1769 a
Mr. Jackson, a chemist, obtained permis-
sion to prepare tumbler for the shivering
time by immersing it in a solution of salt
water, lime, muriate of soda, etc.; an-
other practical experimentalist suggested
slaked lime, thinned with a solution of
glue, for mopping the timbers of a ship.
The preservation of timber has been
attempted by surrounding it with pounded
lime, and several attempts have been
made to preserve timber by the use of
lime. Mr. Britton, in his work on "Dry
Rot," mentions a number of cases where
lime has been of service. He says,
"quicklime with damp has been found to
accelerate putrefaction in consequence of
its extracting carbon; but when dry and
in such large quantities as to absorb all
moisture from the wood, the wood is pre-
served and the damp hardened." Yes,
sels long in the lime trade have afforded
proof of this fact, also examples in plas-
tering laths which are generally found
sound where they have been found dry."
The joists and sleepers of basement floors
are rendered less subject to decay by a
coating of lime; and this might be
renewed at intervals. The same writer
adds, "it does not appear practicable to
use lime-water to any extent for preserving
timber, because water holds in solution
only about 1-500 part of lime, which
quantity would be too inconsiderable; it,
however, renders timber more durable,
but at the same time very hard and dif-
ficult to be worked." These facts are in-
teresting, they show at least that lime
is a sufficient quantity kept dry is a val-
uable preservative agent, and some prac-
tical chemist might earn a deserved repute
if he could prepare a lime solution that
would be capable of rendering so substanc-
ial a service to all builders. Such a solu-
tion would be at least sufficiently re-
nerative to make it worth while to try
a few experiments in this direction. It is
stated on good authority that the white
oil in India costs the government £100,000
a year for repairing woodwork, bridges,
etc., caused by its depredations. Con-
crete basements have been found to resist
the encroachments of the ant. Dr. Dar-
win proposed a process of timber preser-
vation some years ago, in which an
absorption of lime-water was effected, and
after that had dried, a weak solution of
sulphuric acid, so as to form sulphate of
lime in the pores of the wood. The
growth of dry-rot or fungus on timber has
been prevented by lime-water, and many
instances have been mentioned of its
value. The cleansing and sanitary virtues
of lime are more generally known. The
painter uses lime-water to kill the grease
upon his work instead of turpentine, and
spot stains on the outside of flues have
been removed by the agency of thick warm
lime-water. The value of lime-water as a
wash for walls, as a purifier of the air in
sheds, stables, and other buildings is un-
questionable, though all lime-washed roof-
timbers have rather a rough and pebbled
look. As a preservative coating to the
joists of houses and other timber work,
it is a good thing, it seems worthy of a more
extended trial.

In The Canyon.

A muttering of the Heavens—a trem-
bling of the earth—the growling of a mil-
lion mad voices deep down under hill and
valley. This is the warning.
A rocking to and fro—a weaving like
way and that, as if hill-tops were drunk—
a rumble—a roar—a shock so mighty that
giant trees are but Jack-straws to its in-
fluence. That is the climax.
In the convulsion mountains were rent
and split and shivered, and canyons were
born—dark, dismal and cold. A canyon
is a highway into the heart of a mountain.
It may be 200 feet broad at one spot and
not more than three feet at another, but it
is always full of death. You may look up
from the rocky path and count the stars at
noonday. You may walk for miles and
see no place where a panther could scale
the rocky walls.

See how suddenly this canyon widens
from six to sixty, jumps a distance of fifty
feet and narrows again. This makes a
rocky bed sixty by fifty feet. Its walls
are 300 feet high. A bird would have to
make a powerful effort to rise out of this
canyon. Daylight beats down into this
rocky square, but only for a moment. You
would have to look closely to read the coast
print. You would be nervous and wary,
and the drip drip drip of water from a
crack in the left hand wall would startle
you as if it struck your ear.
A body is moving up the canyon with
cautious step and watchful eye. It is a
man with grizzled locks, semi-Indian dress,
face scarred and tanned. He carries a
hunter's knife, which he carries open-
handed and with a firm grip. Some great
danger coupled with accident has driven
him up the dark rift, and he carefully
sees the rocky walls in hopes of an es-
cape that way.

A body is moving down the canyon just
as cautiously and with eager eyes. It does
not scan the walls, but it scans the heavy
air, feels its head, and opens its mouth
to show a great red tongue and fangs which
can meet each other through the leg of a
horse.
It is a grizzly bear, angry as they al-
ways are—hungry as they ever seem to be
—ready to attack any foe that God ever
made.

One walks up the rocky path slowly and
cautiously.
The other creeps, crawls and ambles,
sniffing its prey, but it is not able to lo-
cate it.
The fall of a pebble from the wall would
have halted one and sent the other running
back, but no pebble fell. No bird uttered a
note. The wind had ceased sighing
through the lonely canyon. When the two
bodies debouched upon the rocky square
they faced each other with no sound
between them but the drip drip drip of
water striking the hard rock.
It was light enough to see the hunter's
face grow white as he looked into the blaz-
ing eyes of the body opposite. Retreat!
He could not run a hundred yards before
those terrible claws would sink into his
flesh. Retreat? A grizzly bear would
not retreat from the front of a marching
army. They must fight it out.
"Drip! drip! drip!"
There was time for a shot, but the heavy
rifle had been lost or thrown away. No
revolver, no hatchet—nothing but a knife
like those found upon the butcher block.
Not a word from the man, not a growl
from the bear. But for the momentous

plash of the water it would have been the
silence of the grave.

One—two—three—minutes. Are they
going to face each other forever? Have they
turned to stone that they have neither hand
nor paw?
"Drip! drip! drip!"
It acts upon both at the same instant.
It is a monitory which strings up the
nerves and excites desperation. Of a still
night, when the only sound is the tick
tick tick of a clock, the sound will un-
string the nerves of men and excite a feel-
ing of anger.

Sixty by fifty feet, with a surface as
level as a floor. Neither had selected the
spot, but it could not be better. Plenty of
room for the hunter to dodge, spring and
retreat—a splendid surface for the grizzly
to slumber in his terrible claws!
"Drip! drip! drip!"
They advanced as if one lever moved
and controlled both. Not a growl from the
bear—not a muttered word of despair from
the man. They meet half way. The bear
rears up, strikes, gnashes his teeth. The
hunter strikes, dodges, retreats. There is
blood on his knife as they back away from
each other to breathe. If the man would
lower shield? It would not have been
shown—if the bear would growl—but they
shout. As they loo! into each other's
eyes and rest the stillness is so deep that
the earth seems to sleep.

Forward again! The knife is wet again,
but not the knife alone. These long, sharp
claws are red with blood clear to the roots.
Why didn't the man scream out when they
met? Why didn't he show his teeth and
muscle from his shoulder? It would not have been
cowardice, and yet he did not even growl.
Red blood oozed out and stained the bear's
lily white coat, but he lay down on the
rocky floor and licked that other blood from
his paws. It was a long rest, but the si-
lence was not so oppressive.

"Drip! drip! drip! drip! drip!"
Forth the water—then the blood from that
mangled shoulder. It was an awful sound,
and yet the ear took no notice of it. Men
and bear glared at each other and resel
and moved to the third attack. It lasted
longer than the others. Knife and claws
and teeth found blood but there was no
word—no growl. When they had moved
up the knife fell from the hunter's
hand. No wonder, when the flesh had
been stripped to the bone from shoulder to
wrist. He did not totter and weave about
in his weakness, but sank slowly down
like a mighty tree yielding to the inevi-
table.

"Drip! drip! drip!"
Only the single sound now. The other
was lost in the pool of blood creeping over
the rocks. Its centre the man who could no
longer stand. His pool spread out, spread
and by and by it mingled with darker and
thicker blood.
Eyes kept fast hold on eyes, and the
drip of the water sounded fainter and
fainter. One pair of eyes began to loose
their fury. Despair and desperation began
to fade from the other. They stared at
each other, but the distance between them
grew longer. No sigh or growl—no growl
or move. A pebble fell. It did not start
them up. A buzzard sailed leisurely over
the canyon, and uttered its harsh note.
There were no listeners.

"Drip! drip! drip!"
The ears of the dead were closed—
nerves had ceased their play—the pool of
blood was growing cold.

Do Your Own Remedies.

We think that almost every farmer
will agree with us that every farm
should have its own workshop, and
every cultivator of the land understand
how to use it. He may not do so when
he first enters upon farming on coming
of age; but after a year or two of what
we should call apprenticeship, when he
finds that to "know how to do things"
is absolutely indispensable, he will
rapidly learn to attend to most of his
own "repairing of the ordinary imple-
ments and machines upon his premises,
instead of incurring delay, expense and
uncertainty by depending upon profes-
sionals at a distance. Rather than to be
without a workshop and the neces-
sary tools, one should be erected expres-
sly for the purpose, in a convenient spot
and daily warmed in winter so as to be
ready at all times for use, in which
many odd jobs can be done also not
immediately connected with the farm.

All ordinary wooden repairing ought
to be done by the farmer and his hands
during rainy days and in winter, when
there is plenty of time on hand for that
purpose. Every part of a wheelbarrow,
except the wheel, ought to be made on
the premises; now forks and handles of
iron rakes, repairing even some portions
of the farm machinery, building of
garden and yard fences, repairing roofs,
building of corn-cribs, hog-pens, vazo-
on and cart shelving, making of the
frames of hotbeds, and all the many
jobs constantly requiring to be done
about a well-conducted place too nu-
merous to mention. A person becomes
very handy in the use of good tools after
a short experience, and saves many a
dollar without consuming any time
necessary for the usual demands of the
farm.

Right Side of Starvation.

Years ago, a man down East quarreled
with his wife and moved out of the house
into the corn-crib, which was just large
enough for himself and his two dogs. He
slept here at night for several years—being
driven into the kitchen occasionally of a
very cold night in order to get warm. His
step-daughter having a mortgage on the
place, foreclosed it, and took April the
constable ejected him. Lacking his old
horse and two dogs, a buggy-box and
springs, without wheels, a useless stove,
some shreds of harness and two boxes full
of junk, he went to a barn about half a
mile distant, which he had rented, but not
paying the rent he and his traps were put
into the road, where they have stood,
covered with a hard over them. His dogs
he ties in the woods, shifting them about
when people complain of their howling,
and his horse, with rags and scraps of car-
pet thrown over him, grazes in somebody's
field. He sleeps out in dozes, dainties to
beg, cuts money for horse-blocks, and in
this way manages to keep just on the right
side of starvation.

Dogs and Their Masters.

At the meeting which has just taken
place at Dantzic of the two Emperors
who between them sway half Europe,
there is mention of the fact that Prince
Bismarck arrived to attend the inter-
view "accompanied by his short hand
writer and his famous dog," the im-
age of the "Iron Chancellor" who has
wielded long-divided Germany into one
Empire will go down to posterity not
quite solitary in its sternness. Beside
him will always stand the noble beast
whom he has loved and who, it is
said, has more than once saved his
life.

Perhaps, as Schopenhauer, with his
candid vanity, remarked of himself,
"It is always lonely upon the heights."
A philosopher who is bored by the folly
of his human neighbors, a poet who is
disgusted with the vulgarity of man-
kind, a king, or great noble, who is
weary of the toadyism of his courtiers,
doubtless may all find relief in the dumb
companionship of some faithful hound,
who troubles his master with no stupid
remarks or petty gossip, and whose
fidelity is free from suspicion of any
deeper interest than may arise
from covetousness of a biscuit or am-
bition for a bone. The greatest Sov-
ereign on earth may safely saunter with
his dog, and neither fear to raise insat-
iable hopes nor to provoke dangerous
jealousies, unless it be in less fortunate
canine minds. Even this slight in-
convenience may be removed when, as in
the case of one of the Queen's favorites
—a splendid Dachshund—the animal is
perfectly dignified and rigid in his de-
meanor that he keeps all His Majesty's
inferior terriers and colleys in meek
subordination, and is himself generally
known as the "Lord Chamberlain" of
the canine Court.

Perhaps it would not be too much to
say that, as the Aryan race evolved dogs
more than the Semitic, so among
Aryans the Anglo-Saxons have been
pre-eminent for the same sentiment. It
is true we have among the Celts the dog
of Llewellyn (though, alas! Professor
Max Müller, we believe, has forer-
cast that pleasant lab in another room
in early Sanscrit, leaving on its spit
of Beddlegert, an unpleasant sense of
mythical uncertainty); and among the
French and Germans, besides the Dog
of Montargis, we have innumerable
glorified dogs of tradition and poetry.
But the tone of nine French writers out
of ten, when they talk of dogs, reveals
the hollowiness of Gallic regard for the
lord beast, which has not half enough
of finesse and duplicity to suit the read-
ers of MM. Balzac et Cie. Good honest
old Dumas (Paine) might describe poor
"Black" in simple and glowing colors;
but in more recent French novels "un
mechant chien barbet," or "un detest-
able petit caniche hargneux," is com-
monly introduced solely to add a point
of ridicule to the old simoleon or dis-
agreeable woman whose steps it fol-
lows.

Truth must be told, indeed, that dogs
with their wonderful habit of "growing
like the thing they worship," seem con-
stantly to become, under French "mas-
ters and mistresses, less single-minded
than we find them, or—as a cruel canine
critic has described the species "Chien-
loup," "par eminance—'trivoltous, vol-
atile, interested, and wholly without
conscientiousness." In Italy dogs are as
rule infinitely less useful than English dogs,
and are often treacherous enough to receive carresses
graciously, and afterwards, when oppor-
tunity offers, to turn around and bite.
But the very land of dogs, and the land
wherein the dog receives most genuine
honor, and himself rises to his noblest
development of character, is unques-
tionably England. It is to be deplored
that the greatest English poet never
drew the character of a noble dog, and
condemned to degrade his pen by the
unpleasant caricature of Launce's cur;
but since Shakespeare's days our poets
have done what in them lay to make up
for the omission. Cowper, Walter
Scott, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, the
two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold,
have all been eminent dog lovers, and
have written tender things of dogs, liv-
ing and dead.

English history is full of records of
dogs—noble dogs of Charles I. and
Kendal Digby; pitifully faithful dogs,
like the little creature which accom-
panied Mary Queen of Scots to the
scaffold and laid itself down between
the severed head and beautiful neck;
silly spoiled favorites, like the spaniels
of Charles II., and Diamond, the dog
of Sir Isaac Newton, which gave the
great philosopher his name, and
greatly improved his papers. We have
materials for a book of "English Dogs
of Dignity," and, moreover, we have
found in England (since the gaunt board-
hounds of Synners are rather wild beasts
than dogs) the one greatest painter of
dogs whom the world has seen—Edwin
Landseer, the Titian and Vandyke of
the canine race.

A Three-Year Old Colt.

"Do you love music?" she asked.
"Passionately," replied Irwin. "I
can whistle 'The Skids Are Out To-
night' perfectly, and I never heard it be-
fore last week."
"How quiet!" said Myrtle.
"Altogether too, too," was then an-
swer in soft, low tones that made the girl
feel instantly that he loved her.
"They tell me you are very wicked,"
Mr. Muldrew, said Myrtle, as the sound
of a Strauss waltz floated in from the ball-
room. "Is it so?"
"Well, I have always tried to keep up
with the procession," was his answer.
"I suppose you will hate me for that."
"Oh, no," responded the girl, quickly.
"It is mainly-tammy men that are dis-
tanced from me. I like a man whose blood
runs true, not weak."
"Do you like Gladstone?" she asked
suddenly.
"No," said Irwin. "I lost \$30 on
him yesterday. He was beaten in a mile
dash at the fair grounds."
"Can I ever love this man?" asked
Myrtle of herself as they parted that
night. "Can I give my soul to one who
doesn't know the greatest statesman from
a three-year old colt?"
Two weeks later they were betrothed.

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2339.

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance, \$2.00

Six months in advance, \$1.00

Three months in advance, \$0.50

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THE ISLES OF LONG AGO.

O lovely isles, forever fair,

In life's vast surging sea!

Around their slopes the sunbeams play

Their lights and shadows throw,

As they again before me rise—

The Isles of Long Ago.

O lovely isles, forever fair,

And clothed with green they stand!

No change or death can enter there,

In that fair summer land,

Where happy birds, in shady bowers,

Sing with the brooklets' flow,

And myriads of flowers and trees,

The Isles of Long Ago.

I've sailed out on the sea of life,

Far from their pearly strand,

Yet often through the dim and strife

I see the summer land.

The ocean surging round it there

With ceaseless ebb and flow,

So grand and pure and deathless fair—

The Isles of Long Ago.

Time, when life's mighty tide moves on

Stands ever at the helm,

To guide our quivering and through storm

Safe to a higher realm;

There, standing on the hills of light,

To view the scene below,

I'll see them with a clearer sight—

The Isles of Long Ago.

Far from the ceaseless rush and roar

Of life's vast, surging sea,

They stand in light forevermore

In God's eternity,

There is that blessed land of truth,

No death or change to know,

I'll walk again the ways of youth,

The Isles of Long Ago.

A FAMILY SECRET.

Lady Eastcamp was the widow of a gentleman who had owned one of the finest estates in the English county of Yorkshire. She was the sole executrix of her husband's property, which she held in trust for her only son. The age at which it should be handed over to him was not the usual age of twenty-one, however, but twenty-five.

At this age he was also to receive another fortune, bequeathed by an eccentric relative in Scotland, and which, principal and accumulated interest, amounted to more than a million sterling.

The one peculiar condition about this last bequest was that if the young man did not take possession precisely at twelve o'clock upon his twenty-fifth birthday it was to revert to the next heir named in the will, and between whom and the late Sir Charles Eastcamp had existed a life-long dislike, amounting almost to positive hatred.

The young man, now Sir Henry, had always had a taste, almost amounting to a passion, for traveling, and when he had reached the age of twenty-three had accompanied an exploring expedition into the interior of Africa. Nearly two years passed without any word from him reaching home until, within a week of his twenty-fifth birthday, he returned, and claiming his property according to the condition of both wills, took up his residence at the hall.

A month afterward Lady Eastcamp was taken suddenly ill, and for several weeks was confined to her bed with a malignant fever.

During the whole time she was most tenderly nursed by a young girl, her adopted daughter, and, thanks to her care, the crisis of the fever was safely passed, and the lady was on a fair way to recovery.

For nearly a week these favorable symptoms continued, and she was fast approaching convalescence, when one morning the nurse, awaking from her doze in her chair, found the lady lying dead and cold in her bed.

Alarm was given at once, and the physicians hurriedly summoned, declared that she had died by poison. Laudanum is the drug that had been used, and when the fact was learned that the previous noon the lady's adopted daughter had purchased it in the adjoining village, though at once brought into custody, she was placed under strict surveillance.

This adopted daughter, whose name was Clara Rowell, was a very beautiful girl of not more than eighteen. The child of one of her former schoolmates, who had died in giving her birth, Lady Eastcamp had always treated her as if she had really been her own daughter, and now the girl could not have appeared more inconsiderable had she in reality lost a mother.

Notwithstanding her display of grief, however, the circumstances appeared so strong against her, that she was arrested.

She admitted having purchased the laudanum, in compliance with Lady Eastcamp's request, who had given the vial to her son. This, however the young man positively denied.

When asked why she had not set up with the sick lady as she had done on previous nights, she replied that she had done so until twelve o'clock, when it was at Lady Eastcamp's own request that she had retired.

"As for any further questions you may ask," she said, firmly, "I will not answer them. Though I may have suspicions, I do not know anything except that I am innocent."

She adhered firmly to her resolution of silence, and the strictest examination could not extract an answer from her. Her obstinacy, however, had but the effect of confirming the magistrate in his belief in her guilt, and she was consigned to prison to await her trial.

Though such was the effect upon the magistrates there was one person who

thought differently. This was a young detective who had been sent from Scotland Yard to work on the case, and his belief in the girl's innocence was firm.

"She is hiding some family secret, not her own guilt," he said to himself; and, proceeding to the prison he tried to engage her in conversation, in the hope that some chance word would give him a clew to a solution of the mystery.

In this hope he was doomed to disappointment, however, for the girl still remained firmly silent, and quite discouraged, he returned to the hall, but with an idea that had before occurred to him taking more definite shape in his brain.

"If I could but imagine a motive," he said to himself, "I would say it was the son who is guilty; but, no, there could be none possible."

Still the idea would not be banished from his mind, and, remaining at the hall for two days longer, he watched the young baronet night and day, but without finding the least confirmation of his suspicions.

He was on the point of giving up in bitter despair, when, on the evening before the funeral of the murdered lady, a note was brought to him. It was from the Eastcamp family lawyer, and contained but half a dozen words:

"Come to my office at once."

Rewarding the messenger with a small coin, the detective at once started to obey the lawyer's summons. He found him waiting for him with a flushed face and excited manner, and, seizing him by the arm, dragged him toward the inner office.

"A most extraordinary thing," he said, "Marvelous!"

Before the detective could reply they had passed into the private office and found themselves face to face with a young man whose resemblance to the young baronet was so remarkable that involuntarily he exclaimed:

"Sir Henry Eastcamp!"

"Yes," the young man answered, "the real one. You are, I understand, a detective. Explain—"

An involuntary exclamation from the detective's lips, as the truth flashed upon him, interrupted the sentence.

"Idiot!" he cried, "not to have thought of it before. 'I see it all now.'"

Then addressing the young man:

"But how do you, sir, explain your absence at the time when you should have appeared in person to claim your legacy?"

"Simply enough. I was with an exploring expedition in Africa. I was taken prisoner by the natives, and kept in captivity for over a year. As soon as I escaped I made the best of my way home only to find another man stepped into my shoes."

"And did you send no word until your arrival in England?"

"Yes, I telegraphed to my mother from Aden."

"And that was?"

"A week ago to-day."

"And you have reached home several days sooner than you expected when you telegraphed?"

"Yes."

The detective could not refrain from an expression of pleasure.

"It grows clear as noonday," he said.

"It was the following night your mother was murdered."

He was silent for a moment, evidently thinking deeply. Then he asked:

"Is there any one at the hall—any old servant that has known you from childhood?"

"Yes, several. There is my old nurse, Esther, besides—"

"That will do," the detective interrupted; "let us lose no time, but go to the hall. We may be too late as it is."

His enthusiasm and energy were not without effect upon his companions, and in silence they followed his instructions. Without a word they followed him from the office, and, halting a passing carriage entered it, and were driven to the hall. At the park gates they alighted, and proceeding to the house entered by the servants' door.

"Where is Sir Henry?" the detective asked one of the servants.

"In the library, sir," the man answered; "but he is busy, and does not wish to be disturbed to-night."

"It is no matter," the detective said, "send his old nurse, Mrs. Esther, here at once."

After giving his command he passed rapidly along the passage and up the staircase, still followed by the lawyer and his companion, until he reached the library door, which, without knocking, he opened, and entered the room.

The supposed baronet was seated at an escritoire writing, and at the intrusion looked up with a haughty frown on his face.

"What does this mean?" he began, but before he could finish the sentence the detective had reached his side, and laid his hand upon his arm.

"It means," he answered, "that the rightful heir has come to claim his now, and that I, an officer of the detective force, arrest you for the murder of Lady Eastcamp."

A cry of despair broke from the lips of the arrested man, but with a sudden leap, he wrenched himself from the detective's grasp, while his hand sought his breast. Thinking he was about to draw a weapon, the detective's hand

also grasped his revolver, but before he had done so the prisoner's hand had again been taken from his breast and raised to his mouth.

The sound of breaking glass as a vial was crushed between his teeth, caused a malediction to leave the detective's lips.

"He has escaped us," he cried with chagrin.

"Yes," the prisoner answered, in a voice of despairing triumph. "I have escaped you. In a few more moments I will be, ah, heaven!"

His voice died away in a choking, gasping sob, and he fell face downward on the floor.

Almost the same instant the door of the library again opened, and an old woman of more than sixty entered.

For a moment she stood as one bewildered, and then quickly advanced to where the real baronet was standing.

"Ah, master Henry," she said, "it is you indeed. My poor, dear mistress never would believe you were dead, and it was that you might have your own when you came home that she got another to take your place."

The three listeners stood astounded at the secret her words revealed as she went on to tell how sooner than allow the bequest to pass into the hands of her husband's enemy, Lady Eastcamp had procured a substitute to represent her son. They also understood how, learning that the real heir was about to return home, the impostor had sought to confirm his claim to the name and fortune gained by fraud by a still darker crime.

He was free from human punishment now, however, for the poison he had swallowed was almost instantaneous in its effects and he was dead. Miss Lowell was, of course, at once released from prison, and a year or two later became Lady Eastcamp. The suicide of the impostor satisfied the public mind, and beyond a favored few outside of the ranks of the secret service, no one ever knew the darker shades of the family secret.

PARCELS IN THE LONDON POST-OFFICE.

The parcels are marvelous. We find not only every conceivable article which can be found in every pawn-broker's or haberdashery's shop, but birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, insects and mollusks. A short time ago a waxy nest was among the temporary treasures of the department. Shortly before a lizard and a slow worm (insufficiently directed) found their way to the same office. They had been packed in the same box, and when opened over night appeared to be living in peace and amity. The following morning it was reported, as a remarkable phenomenon, that one of the creatures had vanished from the closed box. On examination it appeared that the lizard had, indeed, gone from sight, and that the slow-worm was enormously swollen in his digestive parts. On one occasion a number of torn letters were forwarded to the Department from a letter-box in which a mouse had been thrown by some playful spirit. It turned out that the mouse had left all of the letters untouched except those which contained postage-stamps in them, and it had bitten through the covers and eaten away at the adhesive gum on the backs of the stamps. It often happens that the parcels which find their way to this department contain ill-smelling objects, such as decayed fruit and flowers, dead birds, stale meat and rotten oysters. For the comfort of the openers these parcels are sent up from the ground floor to the upper story where they are examined in an iron lift fitted outside the walls which halts at the window of the examining room. The parcels can thus be opened and investigated without the offensive smells penetrating the room itself. Sometimes a slice of pastry or of old plum pudding is found in a letter; why such a thing should be sent at all is a puzzle, till a close examination shows that it contains sovereigns hidden in it with a view to escaping the registration fee. For the same reason sovereigns are often concealed in newspapers. It frequently happens that unaddressed letters, when opened, are found to contain checks, sometimes to a very large amount. These it is, of course, easy to return through the banker to their owners. But with the best will in the world, the Department is left with a mass of articles of every conceivable kind on its hands, which at intervals of three months are sold by auction. Among these are empty, unaddressed purses, which are constantly found in letter-boxes, put there by thieves who have transferred the contents to their own pockets. House keys are also frequently found in the same places, dropped into them by tenants who have left their houses without paying the landlord's rent. Sometimes, however, they politely attach a label to the key, with the name and address of the landlord, thus signifying to him that he may look out for another and more solvent occupier. From the old name of the Dead-Letter Office a popular belief arose that all inquiries as to persons dead or missing, or as to soldiers or sailors who have not been heard of by their friends, should be made there.

In 1836 the patent for the invention of matches was granted.

"Caw'n't Believe It."

Charles Frost Williams began to be particular as soon as looked up. He wanted a looking-glass and a spring bed in his cell, refused to drink from the dipper in common use, and stood up for three hours rather than sit down on the well worn bench. When his turn came to appear in court he wanted a clean collar, a tooth-brush and some perfume for his handkerchief, and he seemed greatly put out as he was left facing the desk.

"Can't this case be adjourned until I can get on my Sunday clothes?" he softly inquired.

"Can't be done."

"Can't I be tried in a private room, then?"

"Not a bit of it. You'll have to stand trial right here. You were drunk on the street."

"I might have been slightly overcome by the weather. I am very susceptible to changes."

"Yes, but the weather doesn't make a man sit in the stair way and sing through his nose, nor strike an officer who offers to put him on a street car."

"I might have partaken of a little sweet wine, but, really sir—really, I do protest against the statement that I was drunk. Loafers get drunk, sir."

"Well, yours was a flat, silly drunk. I happened in here just as they brought you in, and your tongue was too thick to say sugar."

"I caw'n't believe it—really caw'n't. 'Tisn't a bit like me."

"Your fine will be five dollars all the same."

"Bestly—bestly, but I will pay. Here, sir, is the filthy here. It is most annoying, sir—really most annoying to me. Good morning, sir."

Case is Closed.

"Well?" queried His Honor, as Thomas Shields stood before him.

"Yes, I'm purty near gone," sighed the prisoner.

"You are ragged and dirty and penniless, Thomas."

"Well, I won't deny it; but I tell you I've had the hardest run of luck you ever heard of. I've lost three wives in succession."

"That's tough."

"You bet it is! And I lost my home on a mortgage, gave a doctor my gold watch to settle his bill, and in stopping a runaway horse I lost my last dollar and had my coat torn up the back as you see."

"Then you are about ready to give up I presume?"

"Judge, if it wasn't for one single horse, I'd walk straight to the river, and jump in, and never be heard of no more."

"Then you have a hope?"

"I have, I've got an uncle somewhere in India who is immensely rich, and I'm going to write him for a loan of \$5 and set up a peanut stand on some eligible corner."

"That's a good idea, and while you are waiting you can put in three months in the Work-house. If any letter comes here for you I'll drive up in person and hand it to you."

"Say, Judge, I sail for England to-morrow."

"Don't look like it, and still you may please fall back."

"Say, Judge, just one—"

"You'll miss the steamer if you wait—fall back—case is closed."

A Raccoon Hunt.

A correspondent at Goldsboro, Maryland, writes: Last night, notwithstanding the mud and rain, two of my neighbors called for me to go coon hunting. We had laid out to go a couple of weeks ago, but the rain came on and put a stop to everything, but Mr. Jackson, (one of my neighbors), having a friend from Baltimore, who was up for a few days' partridge shooting, he thought he would initiate him with a raccoon hunt.

I didn't think it hardly worth while to go, as everything was so wet; the fields in the low places were knee deep with water, and in the others the mud was so thick that really the prospect spoiled all the anticipated pleasure; besides, every branch and creek that a couple of weeks ago was as dry as a barn floor, had now become "roaring rivers." However, not caring to disappoint my friend who had often made sacrifices to accommodate me, and having their city visitor along with them, I concluded to go, and calling up my dogs, Music and Romp, we got under way about 7 o'clock, and started for the big woods that skirt the creek.

We had to go round by way of the road, and on our way we picked up old Ben Johnson (a darky), a keen old coon hunter, who brought his two dogs with him. When we reached the woods there were six head of dogs in the pack, and of course each man thought his own the best, but old Ben's puppies, as he called them, gave tongue first and the other dogs soon picked up the trail, and off they went, and we tried to follow, but it was dark as Egypt, and muddy—muddy was no name for it.

We pretty soon called a halt, and allowed the dogs to have all the fun to

themselves, and they had it, too, if we might judge from the racket they kept up. How it makes the blood jump through a fellow's veins to hear a pack of hounds in full cry.

Neither the dogs nor the coon could travel very fast, and for upwards of half an hour we could hear them slashing around in that soft, oozy mixture of mud and water, until at last they tired. We tried to reach them, but it was no use; the coon had climbed into a big gum that stood about midway in the swamp, with about four feet of water around its butt. We fooled over that coon for upwards of an hour, until Tom Sipple hearing the noise at his house, which was only about two hundred yards distant, on the hill, came down to us with his gun. We were within about fifty or sixty yards of the tree, and Tom having on high gum boots, managed to wade a little bit nearer to the tree, but nary coon could he see. There was the dogs, however, some on fallen tree trunks and some on floating brush, and all barking up that big gum, which was proof positive that the coon was 'lar', as old Ben expressed it.

"I'll give him a blast anyhow," said Tom, and he fired one lead into the tree, but nothing came down except a few shattered twigs. Bang went the other barrel, but the coon did not respond.

Tom had plenty of shells with him, and he poured them into that gum lively and at the seventh fire he succeeded in dislodging the gentleman, and down he came kerplash into the water, and of all the yelping, barking and ki-yi-ing ever heard, this display beat it.

Old Ben, in his eagerness to get where he thought his puppies were, tripped over a briar vine and fell headforemost into the mud and water. The old fellow attends to his religious duties regularly on Sunday, but he had to let loose some pretty tall 'cussin', to relieve his feelings. Our Baltimore friend, in his excitement, fell over a log and sprang full length into the water, but he only laughed. Finally, we got the coon away from the dogs. It was a big one, but pretty well used up. We all had enough coon hunting for one night and concluded to return home, all near about used up, especially the Baltimore man.

MASS MEETING

Good News from Senator Hill.

Live to-day as though sure eternity is
your to-morrow.

in New York, New Jersey Pennsylvania Delaware, Maryland and West Virginia the average is \$83,500.

LETTER FROM FLORIDA.

Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Ginger Tonic, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal*.
 Jan21—1898

STEVENSON & GRANT,
Jacksonville, Al.

present the same within the time allowed by law, or they will be barred.

to East, in Carroll
w- Montgomery land district, containing
acres, more or less. S. C. KELLY,
Exccutor.

OLIVER DITSON & CO.
C. H. DITSON & CO.,
843 Broadway, N. Y.

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AN OLD COUNTRY CHURCH.

I stop to rest in the grass-grown yard

And gather the Autumn blooms,

And hilly dream on the velvet sward

That matches the sunken tomb.

The raspberry leaves obscure the words

Affection has carved on the stone;

With rippling blossoms and bees and birds

Forgotten they sleep alone.

And all of the men who were his path

Or the threshold of yonder door,

To hear of a father's love or wrath,

Are found on the earth no more;

And spiders lazily spin their threads

Secure from intruding feet.

While Autumn's leaves o'er the pulpit spread

And the listener's sinner's seat.

I close my eyes and I seem to hear

Some sacred old hymn arise,

Or the pastor inviting, in accents clear,

"Mansions above the skies,"

Or I hear the heart with reverent tread

Their charge to the church and

And their murmurous sigh for the honored dead

Flows out on the autumn air.

Then the call of the robin dispels my dreams;

So, rising with hatched breath,

I mark where the sun through the casement gleams

As life in the midst of death.

"He curst for sparrows," I think, "Thee, Lord,

For a temple not made with hands,

And a love that unto the least affords

A gift from Thy outstretched hands."

"LIZ."

"Where have you bin this time o'

night?" he growled, showing his teeth

like a wild animal. "A pretty time far

an honest girl to be prowl'n' round the

country."

He came near to her, raising his arm

as if he would strike her, but she

looked him steadily and defiantly in the

eyes. "It's no matter; I am used to

looking for myself."

Then, in a sudden flash of rage, he

picked up a gnarled manzanita stick and

struck her. Its aim was sure. It hit her

on the shoulder, and the blood oozed

through her thin calico gown. He looked

at her as if afraid to speak. Her face

turned deadly pale, while the red blood

slowly dripping, stained her dress. A

look of hatred flashed in her eyes, then

she turned away silently, and wiped off

the blood, while he went into the next

room, as if afraid to meet her gaze.

The next morning she went to her

work as usual, but he sneaked off down

town before she was up.

"Harry's Liz has struck a good streak

to-day," the miners said, as they found

an unusual quantity of dust, but she

never heeded nor answered them.

Dick Beech sauntered down about the

usual time in the afternoon.

"How does it go, Liz?"

She vouchsafed him no answer.

"Liz, what's the matter? Sulks to-

day?"

Still no answer.

"Don't be hard on a fellow. It's so

confoundingly hot I wanted a sight of

you to refresh me."

She lifted her eyes for the first time,

and looked at him with a peculiar,

searching and unkindly gaze.

"I should think you could find re-

freshment nearer home. Nancy Brown

is good enough for some folks to look

at."

"Oh, jealousy, thy name is woman!"

he laughed. "Why, Liz, your little fin-

ger is worth her whole body. But you

know," he continued, stroking his mous-

stood on the bank alone, as one petrified.

At last she screamed and scrambled

down the steep declivity as rapidly as

possible. Her cries reached the ears of

a passing miner, and he hastened to the

spot and peered down into darkness with

his lantern. Liz was sitting there, help-

lessly holding her father's head on her

lap and beseeching him to stop.

Liz wrung her hands, but she could

not cry, and her eyes burned like fire.

The miner obtained assistance, and they

bore the lifeless body to the cabin, and

proffered their rude help, but she per-

ferred to be alone.

She grieved for him passionately,

mourned because she could not tell him

she forgave. Her pain lay in the corner;

meny was so little to her that she had

no incentive to work; still, unless she

roused herself she must starve. So she

started out one afternoon, more with the

secret hope of seeing Dick than any

other object. She looked white and

worn, a mere shadow of herself, walk-

ing in the sunlight like some poor, lost

soul, out of place in the world. She

sat down on the bank, but a familiar

whistle started her which brought the

color to her cheeks.

"Liz," he exclaimed, "you

have crawled out of your hole at last."

His face had an uneasy expression. "I

thought I wouldn't disturb you," he

said half apologetically. "I could not

do any good, and I hate failures, and

such reminders. Now, Liz, what are you

going to do?"

She looked at him earnestly, but he

turned away on pretense of plucking a

cluster of manzanita berries that hung

above his head.

"Well," he said, stammering, "the

fact is, I'm too poor, Liz. We must

work for a while still."

"I can't wait, Dick."

One morning Liz went down town to

obtain some supplies, for Dick had sent

her some money as a present by a boy

that day. She saw knots of men gather-

ing in the street, discussing something

very excitedly. She went into a store

and asked:

"What is the matter?"

"They just took Dick Beech up to the

calaboose for steal'n' Long Tom's pile

last night, who lives above you, and

they are going to try him right off. Bet-

ter go down to the court house."

She turned away and followed the

stream of men, women and children

who were running toward the large

wooden court house. The jury was em-

paneled, the men constituting it of

course were miners and their looks to-

ward the prisoner at the bar did not

tend to re-assure him. Liz stood

in the back of the room, white as

marble, listening breathlessly.

Long Tom shuffled up, attired in his

Sunday best, and appeared as uneasy as

a young barrister wrestling with his

maiden speech.

"Well," he began, "I just handed

over the dishes and truck for Topsy,

my dawg, to lick, when I thought of

somebody I wanted down town so I left

my pile in ole sack under the bed, some

rum and pieces of silver, 'bout a hun-

dred. I reckon, I was gone just 'bout an

hour. When I came in the bag was in

the middle of the floor. I tuk it up and

shook it. It was empty as ole turkey,

and I'd seen Dick Beech sulkin' 'round

there was a world of love, misery, disap-

pointment and reproach in that single

look.

They mitigated the sentence, because

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For each subsequent insertion.....\$0 00 1/1361129467683753853853498429727072845824
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For one square of 10 lines or less, hundred-fifty-third insertion.....\$0 00 1/43556142965880123323311949751266331066368
For each subsequent insertion.....\$0 00 1/87112285931760246646623899502532662132736
For one square of 10 lines or less, hundred-fifty-fourth insertion.....\$0 00 1/87112285931760246646623899502532662132736
For each subsequent insertion.....\$0 00 1/174224571863520493293247799005065244265472
For one square of 10 lines or less, hundred-fifty-fifth insertion.....\$0 00 1/17422457186352049329324779900

THE PUBLIC ROADS.

Among other things agitated by the press of the State and correspondents of the press, for the consideration of the next Legislature, is a new road law for Alabama.

The present farcical system of road working will have to go and a better one take its place.

In the early settlement of this country, when able bodied men entered upon a wilderness, and each settler was equally interested in the opening of roads, it was perhaps the best that could have been devised; but it does not suit the present times.

There is no good reason why property should not bear a part of the burden of keeping good roads open, for property is mostly benefited by such improvement.

There is no good reason why a class of men who happen to be between the ages of 21 and 45 should have all this great burden imposed upon them.

The Commissioners Court in each county should levy a road tax, and this fund should be kept separate from other funds in the county treasury, and applied only to keeping the roads of the county in good condition.

Parties who have no real estate and are subject to road duty, should have the option of working their time out under the contractor or the division of road on which they live, or pay so much money into the county treasury to credit of the road fund, and get a certificate of exemption from road duty.

The Commissioners should divide the roads into different grades and fix a standard for each grade. The contract of putting and keeping the roads in good condition for a year or more should then be let to bidders throughout the county.

The Court should see that contractors do faithful work as in case where bridges are now let out. Of course the Legislature would have to authorize the Commissioners to take these necessary steps.

By a system such as here outlined, the State would soon have good roads. In a few years the road tax and road duty would be comparatively nothing, for when the roads are once put in good order they will need little working to keep them up.

The present system of working the public roads is little less than an expensive folly. Men report to the overseer to escape going before justice court, but don't work hard, after they report. A few piece brush and a hole here and there in the soft earth of the fence corners compose the staple of road work now a days. If there is any possible way to make the water run down the middle of the road, it is sure to be adopted. In short no intelligent system is followed; no engineering; no anything calculated to give us good roads. Yet when we count the cost of lost time to our people at a busy season of the year in the perpetration of this annual joke called road working; it makes a serious item.

We shall have more to say on this subject in future. Meantime we invite the opinion of intelligent men among our readers, on this subject. We will gladly give place to well written communications, not too long.

The new apportionment bill has passed the House in Congress and will doubtless pass the Senate without change. It allows to Alabama her same number of Representatives, to-wit, eight.

The State paid out last year for feeding prisoners about fifty thousand dollars. Circuit and Circuit Judges would lose all of this expense annually.

It was to be economy on the part of the Constitutional Convention to decrease the number of Circuit Judges. The twelve Judges should have been retained at good salaries by the Convention, and the Legislature should have increased their work by extending the terms of the Circuit Court in the various counties.

The above from the Jacksonville, Republican shows that its editor carries a level head. We thought at the time that the number of Circuit Judges was reduced from twelve to eight and the Circuit Court from five to three, that a mistaken idea of economy had suggested the change. Now we are satisfied of the fact. The three Circuits and the inadequate trial for holding the Courts of each county rather than to have the county speedily administered justice.

The result, therefore, is that in many counties the dockets are crowded and cases are compelled to go over from court to court from the fact that they cannot even be reached much less tried. It would be money in the pockets of the people as well as of the State, to increase the number of Circuit Judges and Chambers, and their salaries rather than that such a condition of things should continue. In fact, in our opinion, it would be the very best economy in some of the counties for said counties to even pay the salary of a Judge rather than have the delay in the dispatch of business that they are not subjected to on account of the fewness of the Judges and the inadequacy of the time for holding their court. We are always for economy, but not for that kind of economy that strains out the goat and swallows the camel.

Shelby Santal.

Convicts Hired to Death.

Mobile Magnet.

One of the provisions of the contract made by the revenue and road commissioners of Mobile with the Coal and Railroad Company that hires the convict labor of this county is:

That it will pay to said county hire for each and every person so convicted and sentenced and who shall be certified by the county physician to be fit for labor, at the rate of ten dollars per month for the full term for which such convict is sentenced, without deduction for time lost by escapes, sickness or by any other cause except the death of the convict. But in case of the death of a convict before the expiration of the term for which he is sentenced, the hire shall cease from the time of such death and be paid pro rata.

The hire shall terminate and be paid pro rata.

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The hire shall terminate and be paid pro rata.

puted from the day when the contract is received by said company or its agents in Mobile or elsewhere, and all such hire shall be paid quarterly, at the end of every quarter, from the date of this obligation.

It is an inhumanity to man, never devised a more cruel and abhorrent system than the convict labor system, of which this is a part. It is cruel to hire to any corporation or individual convicts for whose labor no abatement is made for sickness and only for death. The convict is literally "hired to death," and death is more merciful than the cruel taskmaster.

For the compulsion, we have enlisted against such an abhorrent, repulsive and wicked system, and we shall oppose and condemn it from this time out.

No wonder the editor of the Jacksonville Republican, who was a member of the legislative committee to visit convict camps and report on convict labor, condemned it in the most unflinching terms.

For the benefit of persons who are adept at deciphering enigmas, etc., we publish the following, and recommend it to the careful consideration of those who think it applies to them:

By careful and continued application for a time, this may be solved, and we can but WISH you to reach, but a short time will elapse before the benefit thereof will be felt in a form that we can really appreciate.

The conclusion, however, may be problematic, but we anxiously await its determination, trusting that it may be in our favor.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

The Ohio River at Cincinnati is approaching the danger line.

Eighty shoe factories were destroyed in the Haverhill fire.

The winter in Alaska is reported as being unusually severe.

The receipts of the Cincinnati Opera Festival reached \$95,900.

Gambetta is spoken of as French Ambassador at Washington.

The damage in West Mississippi from the floods still continues.

The Washington (D. C.) Protestant churches Sunday adopted anti-polygamy resolutions.

The shipments of grain down the Mississippi is again attracting the attention of Wall street and the bears in the trunk line stocks are making the most of it.

The Cook county jails contains 263 prisoners, of whom nearly thirty are murderers. Hanging is played out in Chicago, if the murderer has any money.

Venor predicts that from Tuesday to Wednesday (21-22) more snow will fall than at any time up to the present this winter. Also that there will be heavy snow falls the first and last weeks in April.

A California man, worth nearly \$500,000, recently attended the funeral of his son. Just before the coffin was lowered he unscrewed the silver handles, and taking them back to town sold them to an undertaker.

Most of the manufacturers who were burned out by the great fire at Haverhill, Massachusetts, have made arrangements to resume business immediately, and the burnt district will be rebuilt in a more substantial manner.

The declaration was made in the English parliament recently that the United States had reached the summit of agricultural prosperity, and that English farmers had seen the worst of this competition with American grain.

Henry Roavis mine host of the Roavis House, Jacksonville, is one of the cleverest men and best caterers in the State. His house is a good one to stop at.

Gadsden News.

A \$2000 Bible Prize.

The publishers of Rutledge's Monthly in the prize puzzle department of their Monthly for March offer the following easy way for some one to make \$20.00:

To the person telling us which is the longest verse in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by March 15th, 1882, we will give \$20.00 in gold as a prize. Should two or more correct answers be received the prize will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner March 15th, 1882.

Those who try for the prize must send 20 cts in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the April number of the Monthly, in which will be published the name and address of the winner of the prize, and if the correct answer is given. Cut this out; it may be worth \$20.00 to you. Address, RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Pa.

The singular fact is shown by the census that Connecticut has 11,000 more women than men. In the small towns the men outnumber the women, but in the cities it is otherwise. New Haven has 1,553 more women, Hartford 1,673, Norwich 1,411, Bridgeport 760 and New London 457.

Neither drink wine nor give it to my guests. Strong drink is the curse of the country and the age. Sixty thousand men in America every year lie down in the grave of a drunkard. Drink has murdered my best friends, and I hate it. It burdens me with taxes, and I denounce it as a nuisance, on which every honest man should put his heel.

J. D. Holland.

Mr. Richardson, a wealthy member of the Society of Friends, is the proprietor of a saw-mill, a manufacturing town in Ireland, where 3,000 workmen are employed in the spinning mill. No public drinking house is allowed in the place, and as a consequence no police need be employed. The operatives are soberly and orderly, and the Town thus furnishes a model which the authorities of other places might well imitate.

The census returns just given in Bombay are quite interesting. Asked to state their profession or calling, the Hindu Hindoes have filled up the paper with an accuracy that might in vain be sought for in any other country. In Bombay there are by their own confession twenty-six gamblers and swindlers, one dog-poisoner sixteen wizards, and 698 tattooers.

If you cannot imagine the tremendous growth of New York during the last fifty years, envision your imagination with this fact: thirty five years ago a single line of cars running every hour from City Hall to Harlem easily accommodated all travel in that direction. Now three elevated roads and scores of horse cars and stages are crowded all through the day with Harlem citizens.

Ruskin remarks that youth is a period of building up in habits, hopes and faith. Not an hour but is trembling with destiny; not a moment but is waiting for the appointed work of his career. He is again, not the neglected boy struck on the cold iron.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nice surroundings in bad health. These are miserable people to day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See adv.

Carry religious principles into common life and common life will lose its transitoriness. The world passes away. The things seen are temporal. Soon business, with all its cares and anxieties, the whole unprofitable stir and fever of the world, will be to us a thing of the past. But religion does something better than this; it makes our earthly life a preparation for the life to come. It is the seed of immortality.

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February 18.

Kisses on Interest.

Come here, sister, and sit down beside me and let me give you a little talking to. This will suit. Sit clear at the other end of the sofa. It makes more room for my coat and crum, besides being a good habit for a young lady to become addicted to. Always remember to sit walking through green meadows and beside the still waters of self-respect.

You may be walking alone to be sure, but you will have fewer law-dresses to do up on Monday morning. I wish to speak to you about your mother.

I may be you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been there there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I don't mean for you to run at it and

SHAKE YOUR SICKETS.

and tell it to "Good-bye," as you would a hen or a dog. I expect you to get on the other side of the fence and throw old oysters and pieces of barrel staves at it, as you did the cock yesterday. But I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth.

You don't imagine how it will brighten her face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. When you were a little girl she kissed you when you were a little girl. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And all along through these years of childish sunshine shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with this rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she has outed so many bad dreams, as she lay above your restless pillow have all been on interest these long years. Of course she is not so

PRETTY AND KISSABLE.

as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear to be far more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of these wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear old face. She will leave you one of these days. Those barbers if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many useful things for you, will be forced to give up their work. Those neglected lips that gave your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will open in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late. There, there, don't cry, she has not left you yet. She is down in the kitchen stringing beans for dinner, and if you feel so badly you might go down and finish them, and let her change her dress and

MEET AN HOUR BEFORE DINNER.

And after dinner you might do up the dishes while she takes a little nap. Then you might take down her hair and do it up for her. You need not wind over your finger and fuss to make little spit curls as you used to do with yours, but give it a good brushing and wind it up gently and tenderly, as if you enjoyed doing it for her. The young men down in the parlor can wait until you have performed these duties. If the expression on your face will explain to him that you feel under more obligations to your mother than you do to him. If this does not seem to satisfy him ask him how many times he has got up in the middle of the night to warm a blanket for you when you were lying with the cold, or how many hours he has carried you up and down the room just because you would not be quoted in any other way?

ASK HIM TO REPEAT.

MORNING HURRY BACKWARDS.

and if he is unable to do it, it will be a proof positive that he is not the one that has repeated it, and explained it to you 1,700 times. Catechise him to find out if he is the one who gave you the black silk dress, and sat up a night to make it while you were off having a good time. Corner him up and make him admit that he went without a new banquet last winter that you might enjoy a \$12 one that you admired as much. Write from him a confession that he has a stitch in his side, brought there from doing up your finery week after week. Then show him out the front door, put on a calico apron, and go out and help your mother pick currants for jelly and I guarantee that you will think more of yourself, the world and mine, more of you, and yet it will be his part and better for having done so.

WASHINGTON, H. C. Feb. 21.—On motion of Mr. Hall the Senate, at 1:45, took up the House report on the bill.

Mr. Morrill expressed the belief that the House report of the committee on the bill to amend the act to provide for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River, and suggested that with an increase at every decade it would be ultimately impossible to provide a hall of sufficient capacity to hold the House. He did not however feel at liberty to oppose the bill. After similar remarks by several Senators the bill passed by a viva voce vote.

A Word to Fathers and Mothers.

Columbus Enquirer.

Then it should be a question with every parent, how much should be allowed? Every home should be a home of training and the great lesson to be taught is moral strength—a knowledge, not only to appreciate what is right and despise wrong, but to have the courage under all of life's circumstances to take a position for the right. A boy or a girl should have good principles that are so firm that neither life's trials, its adversities, nor its pleasures can shake them. Teach the boys and girls that there is a mission in life to make the world better and happier, and they will bless the world by their words and acts. It is the man that is too indolent to earn an honest living or too proud to pursue the avocation for which he is best fitted that robs his neighbor of his earnings or becomes a burden upon the means of others. Then teach the child that work is honorable, dear him to habits of industry and honesty. The boys of this country want the moral courage to stand up and dare to do right. This must come from the training hand of father and mother.

It is worth remembering that nobody enjoys the nice surroundings in bad health. These are miserable people to day with one foot in the grave, when a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the doctors and medicines they have ever tried. See adv.

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AT VARIETY IS OFF IN THE MEDICAL

men than prosperity.

SECRET Kindness to your fellow-men is as beautiful as a rose in June, and is as desirable.

There are men to whom we cannot possibly give enough to prevent them from demanding more.

A REVOLVENT disposition is the very center of Christian character.

Some persons, instead of putting off the old man, "dress him up in a new shape."

Christian charity is a calm, wise thing. It will sometimes appear to be superficial, observe a very hard thing—For it has the courage to refuse.

Severe of detraction and cultivate a spirit of Christian kindness; guilt, darkness and pain always attend scandal.

If you would have your child brought into contact and association with men and women of culture see that you send him and women are secured for teachers.

This is one of the sad conditions of life that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself; each must bear his own burden.

Religion is not good for much unless it gets down into a man's pocket. Head religion and heart religion are not rare but pocket religion is uncommon. When Wesley was told of the conversion of a rich man, his first question was, "Is his purse converted?"

Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens the cares of the day, and makes the household and all its affairs more smoothly run. Speak kindly at night; for it may be that before dawn some loved one may finish his or her space of life for this world, and it will be to late to ask for forgiveness.

The smallness of our gifts need not deter us from giving for the Book does not tell that as many as had plenty gave, but as many as were "willing-hearted," and every one whose heart stirred her up and whose spirit made him willing. It is of all that heart stirring that will make us not only willing but anxious to give that we have and all we are to Him who hath loved us.

If you would have others like you kind, show kindness to them. If you would have them try to please strive to please them. Put forth your best endeavors, if you would have them do their best to secure your approval. As you treat others others will be likely to treat you. For with what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again.

TANBARK WANTED.

Parties wishing to contract to deliver Chestnut Oak Bark at our sheds, or on the S. R. & D. Railroad, or on the Georgia Pacific Road, will please call on, or address, the undersigned at Newburg, Ga., before April 1st.

Edwardsville Standard will please copy it and send account to this office Feb. 25—4t.

NOTICE NO. 1462.

LAND OFFICE AT MONTGOMERY, ALA. February 18th 1882.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before A. Woods, Judge of Probate at Jacksonville, Ala., on April 3, 1882, viz: Wiley Argo, Homestead No. 6743 for the lot No. 4, Section 36, Township 12 S, Range 8 E.

He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: Susan Armstrong, Francis Walker, John Wilson, and John T. Young, all of Alsups, Calhoun county, Alabama.

THOMAS J. SCOTT, Register.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE.

A Chance For RE to R. G. & L. 1882? HOSKINS STEVENSON & GRANT.

Real Estate Brokers, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

OFFER the following described tracts for sale at public auction, to-wit: 1. A certain tract of land, containing 100 acres, more or less, situated in the County of Calhoun, State of Alabama, and bounded as follows: To the north by the land of J. D. Holland, to the south by the land of J. D. Holland, to the east by the land of J. D. Holland, and to the west by the land of J. D. Holland.

2. A certain tract of land, containing 100 acres, more or less, situated in the County of Calhoun, State of Alabama, and bounded as follows: To the north by the land of J. D. Holland, to the south by the land of J. D. Holland, to the east by the land of J. D. Holland, and to the west by the land of J. D. Holland.

3. A certain tract of land, containing 100 acres, more or less, situated in the County of Calhoun, State of Alabama, and bounded as follows: To the north by the land of J. D. Holland, to the south by the land of J. D. Holland, to the east by the land of J. D. Holland, and to the west by the land of J. D. Holland.

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